

Life

April 4, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS



*Class
of 1930!*

Howard Chandler Christy's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?
See Page 30

MARMON

BIG EIGHT



The Marmon Big Eight leaves you with a new motor car impression. Study it parked or moving — it symbolizes modernity, speedometer in the nineties. Drive it to clarify once and for all what is meant by straight-eight performance. Settle back in the tonneau, scan the interior for an impression of roominess and luxury. 125 h. p. straight-eight. Such features as Double-Dome Combustion, Four-Range Transmission, cables in place of usual brake rods. The utmost to date from eight cylinders due to Marmon's years of experience with that type of motor.

Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis



Don't Let *SPRING-SLAP* Toss You in a Blanket!

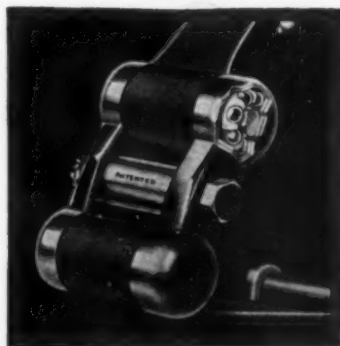
WHEN you pilot your motor car over a stretch of rough and ragged road, the chances are you do considerable bouncing. And it isn't pleasant. It racks your car and razzes your nerves.

Perhaps you wonder how in the name of heaven so many jolts and jars can sneak by your springs and give you such a pommeling. Perhaps you think your springs aren't doing their honest duty. Perhaps you think your shock-absorbers aren't absorbing as they should.

But if you'll take time out to seek the real reason, you'll discover it right in that important few inches between your spring-ends—in your spring shackles.

Ordinary spring shackles don't allow springs to flex freely—there's the nub of the thing. Often your shackle bolts are too tight or they bind, cramping the spring. Often the varying degrees of friction from day to day wear make it mighty close to impossible to keep your shock absorbers adjusted properly.

So when you hit a bump, your springs don't give with the impact, they slap back quick and hard. And you *feel* it!



You get that objectionable *Spring-Slap*—that's the cause of those punishing jolts and jounces that jump up through the driver's seat.

The remedy? A set of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles. With these frictionless ball bearing shackles your springs parry every thrust with never a slap-back. You take the roughest roads with smooth-road comfort. You scale the bounciest bumps with rocking-chair ease. You ride relaxed, rested.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will give you an entirely new conception of how downright comfortably a motor car can carry you. They do away with shackle squeaks and rattles. You never have to grease them. You never have to adjust them. They add miles to the life of your car. And they add *safety*—they eliminate the danger of let-downs from worn shackle bolts.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will enable your springs and shock absorbers to live a better and more useful life. They are standard equipment on many cars. For a surprisingly modest charge your garage mechanic can put them on yours. Ask him about them.

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FAFNIR
BALL-BEARING SPRING SHACKLES
THE FAFNIR BEARING COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

The Fafnir Bearing Company
New Britain, Conn.

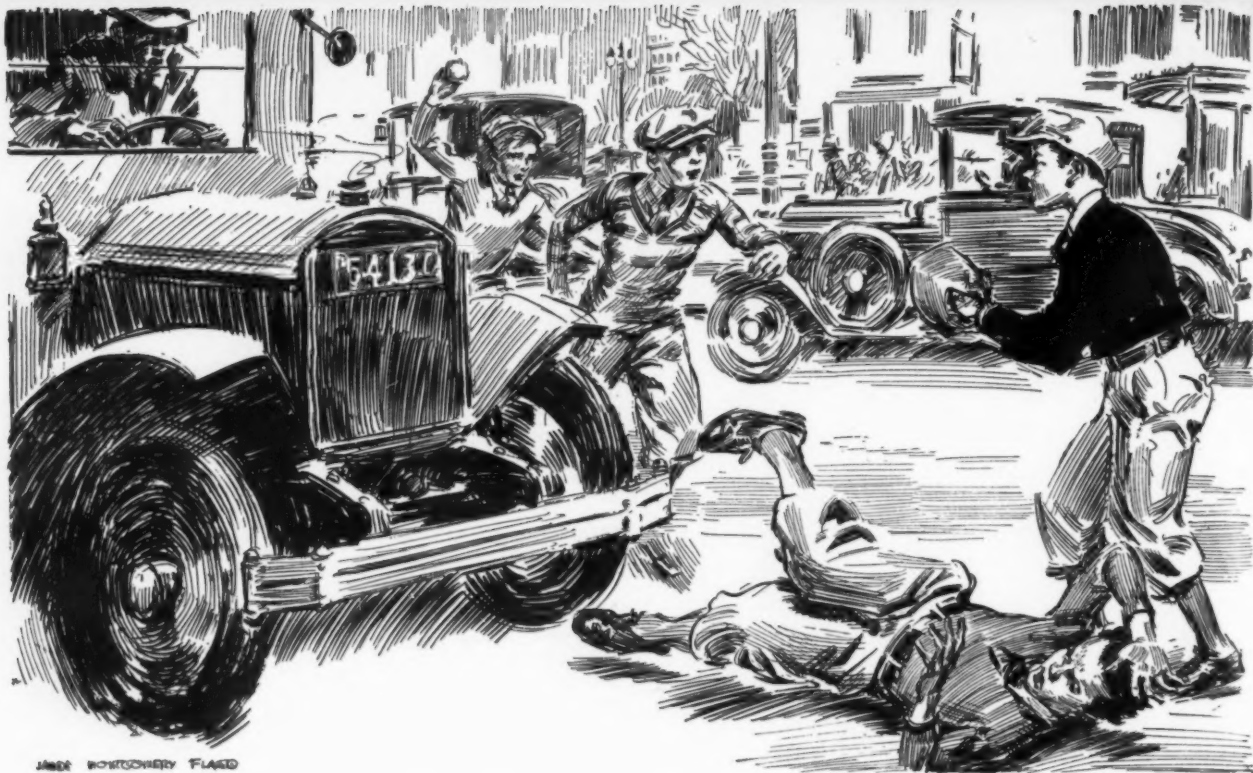
Please send me information about
Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles.

Name

Street

City State

L-4



© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles—combined

*M*ANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents—nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively.



Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-F. Mailed free upon request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT **ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

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Life



LIFE'S Liberty Bonds sell for a dollar (or more) each. All money received from these bonds will be used by LIFE to spread anti-prohibition propaganda throughout the newspapers of the United States and gather together in one organization the people in favor of repeal. (See Page 21.)

Consider the prospective return on your investment in cold hard cash.

We are assuming that you are not a drinking person and that you are not interested in the current price of a highball. If you were, argument would be superfluous. But here is a computation that hits everybody's pocket!

It has been estimated that prohibition costs Uncle Sam every year more than he collects in income taxes. That is to say, what he loses in the revenue he used to derive from excise taxes and import duties on liquor, plus what he spends now on the sorry farce of enforcement, comes to the

stupendous total of \$936,000,000. His revenue from income taxes in 1928 was \$882,727,114.

Prohibitionists will tell you with a straight face that the money saved in the nation's drink bill more than fills this enormous hole in Uncle Sam's pocketbook. They base their arithmetic on the theory that prohibition prohibits. Well, after ten years of overwhelming proof to the contrary, the fact is the nation's drink bill has suffered little if any diminution and is growing hourly, but what we used to contribute from it to the government now pours into the laps of bootleggers, enforcement grafters and corrupt politicians. And we make it up to Uncle Sam in our income taxes.

Did ever the sun shine on such a nation of easy marks? Let's get back our liberty and our millions. LIFE's Liberty Bonds are a gilt-edged investment in this enterprise!

Scott Shots

Rudy Vallée's book is called *Vagabond Dreams Come True*, but if our vagabond dreams came true there wouldn't be any Rudy Vallée.

After all, public opinion is just what people think other people are thinking.

Every automobile should have unbreakable glass and also an unbreakable owner.

There are some families in this country who are so worried about their ancestors that they have to employ a family tree surgeon.

The Naval Conference stenographers probably practice on "now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the parity."

The typical college boy is so generous that he'd give you his roommate's last shirt off his back.

One man's junk is another man's rare antique.

Lucky Strike Song—Me and my future shadow.

—W. W. Scott.



"A quarter pound of sliced tongue, and ah—
twelve cans of kennel ration."



"You dirty Peeping Tom—you!!"

Megaphone Lullaby

I've had enough of crooning
Of lonely vagabonds and magic moons.
I'm sick of muted moanin' soft and low:
A stock in trade for all the gay buffoons
Who take me for a somewhat so and so.
I've had enough of crooning.

Dream Girl!
What th' hell.
Sax Appeal!
I wanna
Yell!

I've had enough of crooning
I've had enough
I've

—ed graham.

Another thing we'd like to see again
is a good five-cent nickel.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

I have been turning over in my mind the proposal of you and your roommate to let me buy into your company to take over the larger broadcasting studios. I appreciate your loyalty in giving me the honor of putting up the first hundred thousand dollars, but it is altogether too close to income tax time, and I am afraid I shall have to wait until you have absorbed the first half-dozen or so stations.

Besides, while I applaud your willingness to sacrifice your time and brain to improving the radio industry, I hadn't noticed any falling off in the programs. We're getting just as much hill-billy music as we ever did.

I tell you what to do. Instead of organizing a company to buy the stations, just step into a bank and borrow enough money to go out and get control of the services of all the leading performers. When you have them all signed up you can snap your fingers at the studio owners.

But whatever you do, don't give up your job before you are in control. The minute you do that, the big operators in the Street will know you are up to something and will be on their guard. Just stick to your desk in the shipping room and get your artists lined up in the evenings. If you do that you'll fool everybody, including

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.

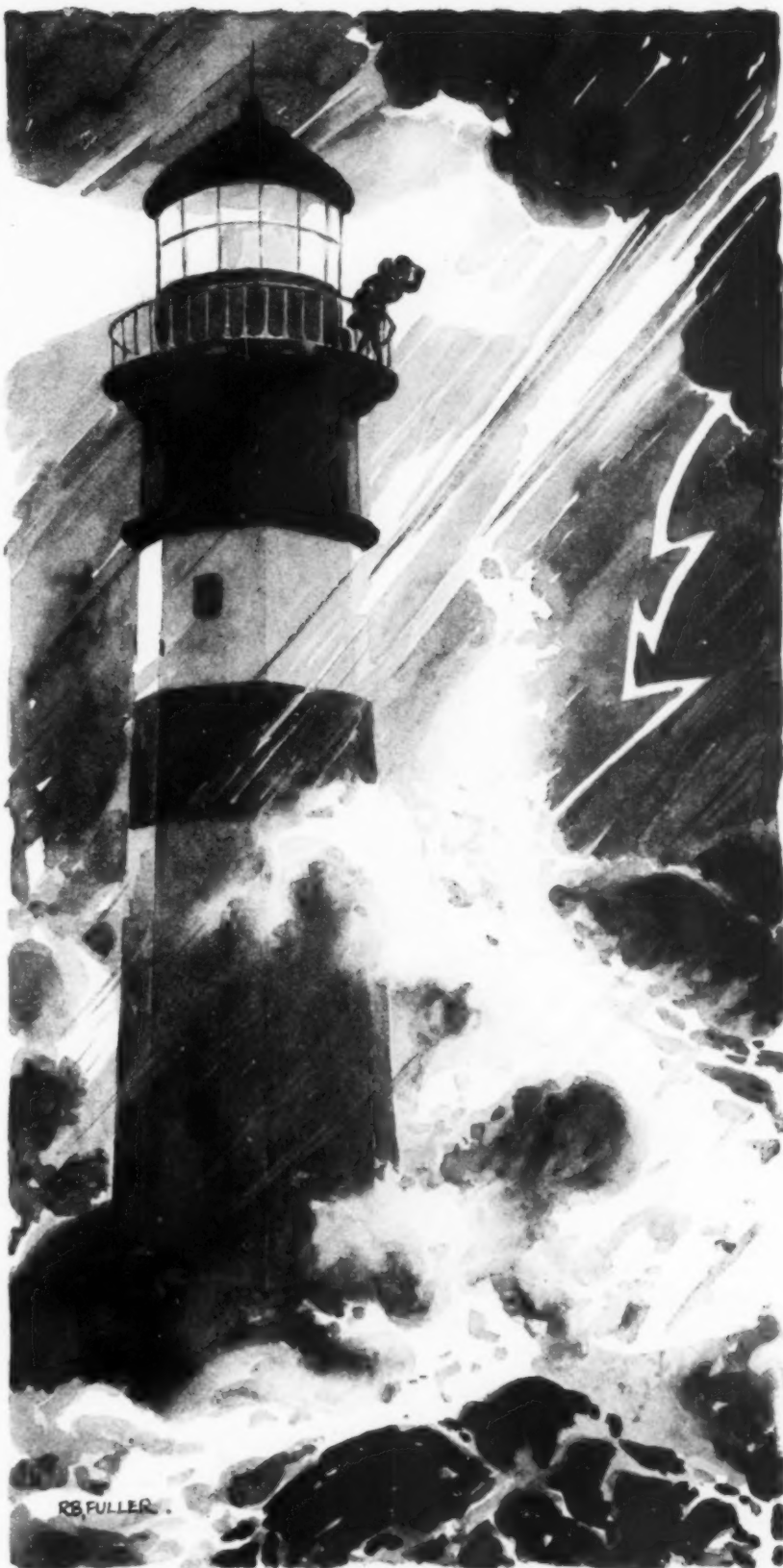
A modern father is one that is wired for cash.

Dumb Dora is advising her boy friend to lay in a supply of gin so he'll have it in case the prohibition laws are repealed.

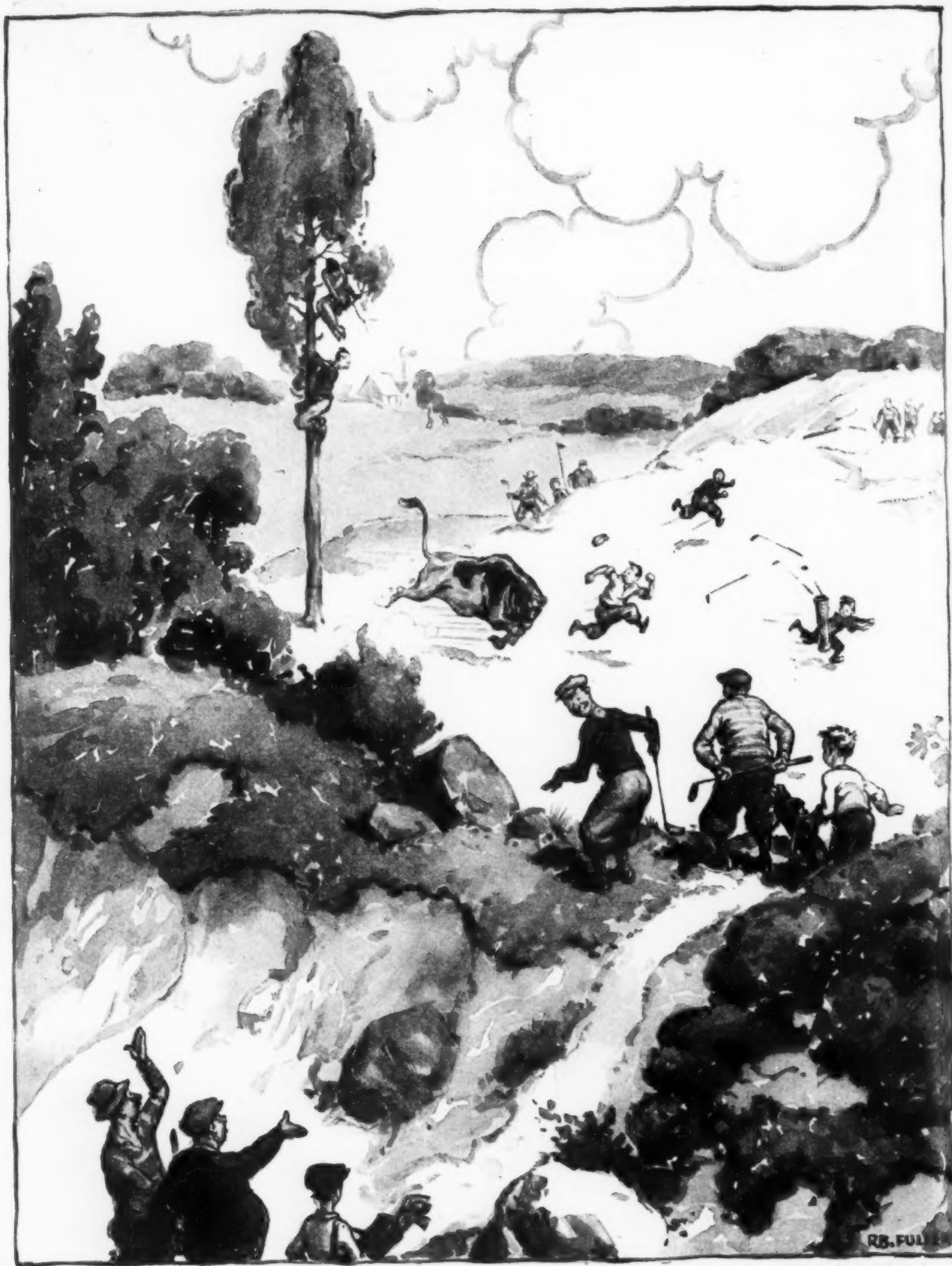
Bathrooms are getting so luxurious now that we almost feel like driving into one and asking for ten gallons of gasoline.

Won't it be a lot of fun to get out on the old golf course again and lie in the sun?

Personally, our principal race difficulties are confined to picking the wrong horses.



LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER: *The brute! He said we'd elope tonight!*



"I say, do you mind if we play through?"

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Protegé

IT IS beautiful of you to help us, Madame," said Vincent Pecora Cathay and pocketed Mrs. Smith's check with enthusiasm.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Smith. "Music lovers always have my sympathy."

"What do you play?" asked Vincent. Before she could answer, Smith stuck his head in the door, said, "Bridge," and went on his way. Vincent twirled his black moustache and looked adoringly at his hostess.

"Dear Madame, you know we cannot repay you?"

Mrs. Smith was quite sure of it. She said, "Not at all."

"You're right, Madame," said Vincent. "Not at all." He sighed and arose to take his leave, kissing Mrs. Smith's hand as he did so. Willingdrift, watching, wondered vaguely if it was because of *la politesse* or because he wanted to get a good look at the four carat diamond she always wore. "Dear Madame, may I come again and report progress?"

"Why, come tomorrow," said Mrs. Smith. So he took himself off. As soon as the front door had closed on him, Willingdrift sought out his mistress. He found her still in the drawing room.

"Madam?"

"What is it, Willingdrift?"

"Madam, may I take liberty?"

Without waiting for an answer, he said, "Mr. Smith is not fond of Mr. Cathay."

"What of it?" said Mrs. Smith. "He doesn't understand about," she waved her hand, "artistic things."

"Is Mr. Cathay an artistic thing?"

"Why, yes, Willingdrift. Mr. Cathay has a little group of music lovers. They are very poor. He tells me their

rooms where they work and live and have their being are bare, like cells. They have a tremendous talent but they are so badly off they can't get anyone to

listen to them. That's why I gave him some money today."

"Oh," said Willingdrift.

"He's going to get them some clothes and instruments and buy them some good food and then we're going to arrange for an audience. What a beautiful thing it is, Willingdrift." Here Mrs. Smith sighed so profoundly that Willingdrift was reminded of a great locomotive starting up a steep grade, "what a beautiful thing to be able

he was, allowed himself a lapse. "And how!" he said fervently.

For the next three days Vincent Pecora Cathay was a regular visitor at the house, coming just after Smith had gone out in the afternoon, leaving just before there was any chance of his coming back. Each time he came Mrs. Smith hung on his words, listened with both ears wide to his reports on the music group, sighed profoundly and gave him money. Willingdrift didn't half like it.

But he was at a loss. All his sporting instinct machinated against his telling Mr. Smith. Nancy and her mother weren't speaking since the late unpleasantness about Bill Sparks, so that avenue was out.

Mrs. Smith herself was going about with a look in her eyes that told Willingdrift plainer than daylight she wouldn't listen to him and no matter how hard he jerked

Mr. Cathay's coat when he'd help him away the fella stayed unperturbed.

So Willingdrift worried. He had been with the Smiths so many years that he had the feeling of a knight for King Arthur about them. They were his people. He felt he had

brought them up. So he worried. On the fourth day he took action.

On the fifth day, when Cathay was in the upstairs drawing room with Mrs. Smith, who was looking at him as a cow at clover, the telephone rang. Willingdrift answered it.

He said, "Yes?"

And a voice on the other end answered, "Yes."

So Willingdrift said, "Right away?"

And the voice on the other end answered, "Yes."

Willingdrift went softly downstairs to the front door. He waited there for perhaps ten minutes, then a touring car drove up and stopped a few doors past the house. Willingdrift watched four men climb out of it, then he went back into the house, hurriedly, forgetting to close the door.

He went up to the drawing room.

"Madam, the telephone."

Plainly Mrs. Smith did not want to be disturbed. She said, "Tell them to call me later."

(Continued on Page 24)



Smith stuck his head in the door.

to liberate them from the prison of circumstances!"

"Very beautiful," said Willingdrift.

"Tell me, has Mr. Cathay a sense of humor?"

"Sense of humor?" said Mrs. Smith.

"He certainly has."

"You know what I think?" said Willingdrift.

"I think he's a genius!"

"No. You do?"

Willingdrift, butler exemplary though



The conjurer who couldn't take his mind off his work.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Anybody who had never seen a Grover Whalen could not possibly imagine one. —*Heywood Broun.*

The police department is willing to accept any aid, prayer included, to help in clearing Chicago of her criminals. —*Commissioner John Stege.*

Nobody loves the Volstead act. —*Commissioner James Doran.*

The tariff has illuminated our valleys with the leaping flames of our furnaces and caused them to kiss the mountain tops in their ascent to prosperity. —*Sen. Guy Goff of W. Va.*

When you become an author, you never know the end of it. —*Peggy Hopkins Joyce.*

I am a playboy and shall never get over it. I like all kinds of games except alley-bowling. —*Wm. Lyon Phelps.*

I'm homesick. I've lived here in Southern France all winter and haven't been able to break a law. —*Frank Ward O'Malley.*

Prohibition has conserved a purchasing power of three to four billions of dollars which otherwise might have been squandered in saloons. —*Sen. Brookhart.*

I feel that we of the screen do a great work in the world. —*Mary Pickford.*

Good morning, and when you go please don't slam the gate. —*Mayor Walker (to the Communist Leaders).*

I have been called a menace (in a humorous way, of course). —*Rudy Vallée.*

I came South to look at the royal palms and found another variety known as the outstretched. —*George Ade.*

It Sims to Me

One sign of spring is when a dentist tells you to open your mouth and then absent-mindedly says to his assistant, "Give me my niblick."

Nothing is permanent in this world, except maybe a three-pound jar of hard candies in a home where there are no children.

One nice thing you can say for spinach is it isn't served on lettuce.

What I enjoy about having dinner at a restaurant is that the waiter doesn't come in and say, "I tried a new recipe Aunt Emmy gave me and it didn't turn out so well, but you'll have to eat it."

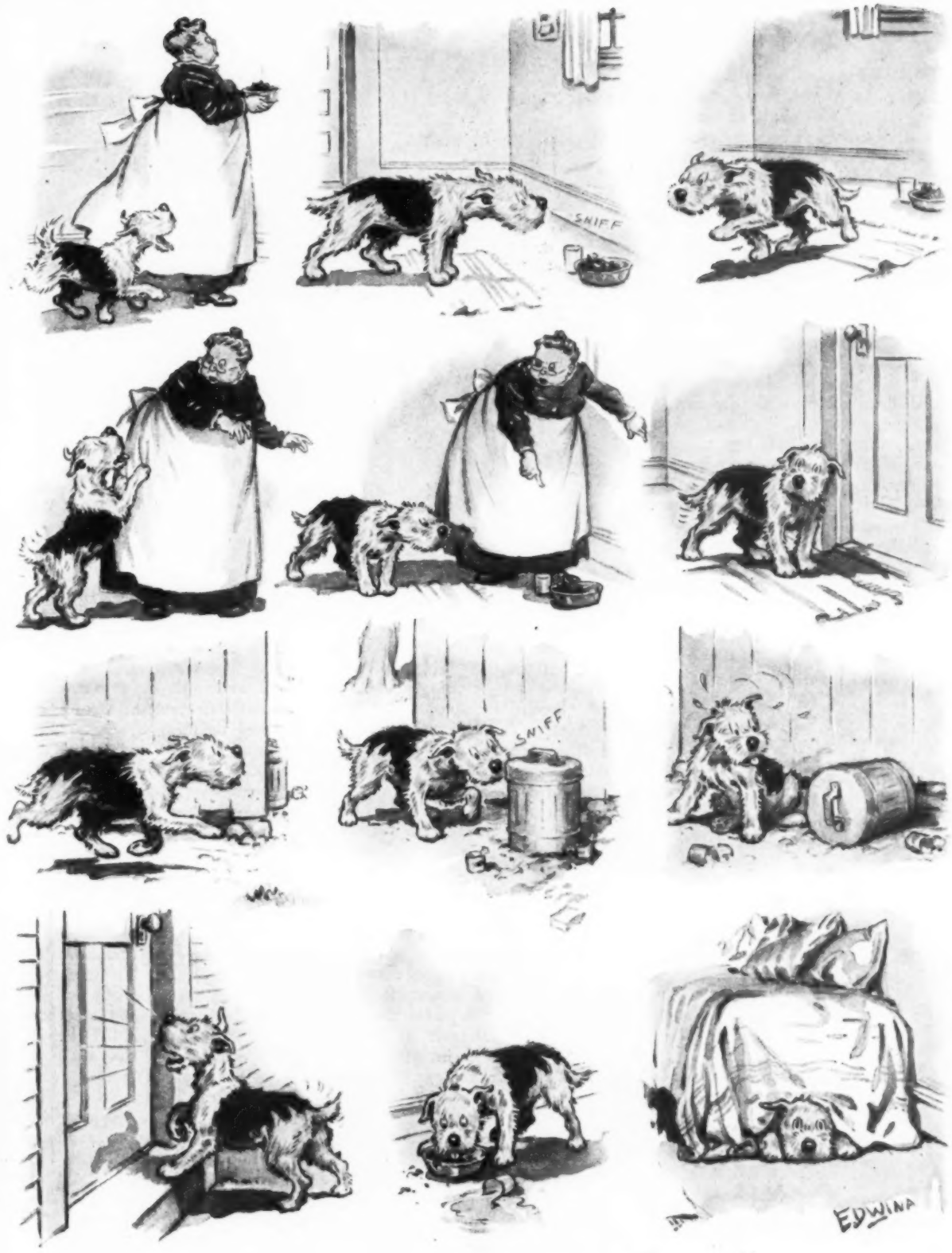
The other day I was going to write a love story for a magazine, but I couldn't because I had mislaid my English-French dictionary.

Never serve too many drinks at a bridge party. First thing you know one of the players will pick up a deck of cards and say: "Take a card, any card."

One sign of spring is when you find yourself wishing you had some money to buy a new auto instead of wishing you had some money to pay your bills. —*Tom Sims.*



"Why no one would ever have heard of the man, if I hadn't shot him!"



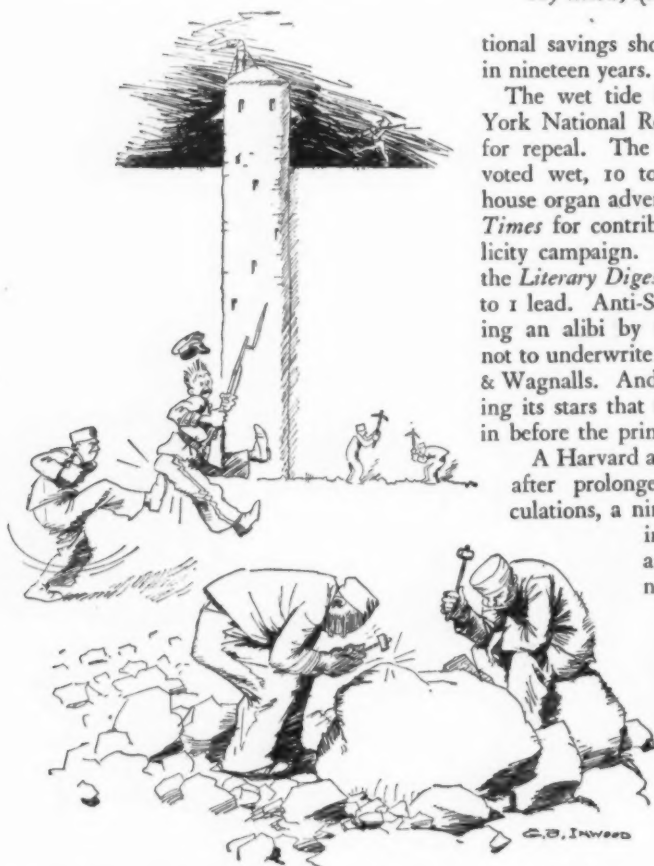
SINBAD
"Yah!!! Spinach!"
(9)

Life in Washington

THE Methodist Amendment is beginning to wonder whether it is being taken for an airing or for a ride. The Dry show has been a flop. The same old faces, same old obscurantism, same old assertions. A Socially Registered Back Bayberry said she spoke for all the women of America except the "neurotic or subnormal" type and that Prohibition was so good for the lower classes. Prof. Irving Fisher—the fellow who said stocks were going higher last October—was asked to give another expert opinion on the economic merits of dryness. A football coach said in effect that the best football players didn't drink between the halves. A scientist announced a "black ray" which would reveal synthetic liquor. The Canadian Prime Minister proposed to stop rum-running over the border, and a Federal Judge ruled that swallowed booze was no longer in your possession. And Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Edison crashed through to the effect that Prohibition was nice for business, as na-



"Ho-ho-ho! Did yer see the funny look on that guy when I plugged him?"
"Say listen, kid, are yer ever goin' to loin to take life seriously?"



"About what year is it? If it's 1929 my time is up."

tional savings showed the first decline in nineteen years.

The wet tide is rising. The New York National Republican Club voted for repeal. The Union League Club voted wet, 10 to 1. Our own little house organ advertised in the matronly *Times* for contributions to a wet publicity campaign. The early returns of the *Literary Digest* gave the wets a 2½ to 1 lead. Anti-Salooners were preparing an alibi by warning the faithful not to underwrite government by Funk & Wagnalls. And Congress was thanking its stars that the returns would be in before the primaries.

A Harvard astronomer discovered, after prolonged mathematical calculations, a ninth planet, under the influence of Neptune and invisible to the naked eye. We suggest that it be named Parity. At the last moment the London Conference began to look like a triple alliance, with Italy as a sleeping partner, against the irritating French.

The ecclesiastical crusade against godless Russia got off

on the left foot. The local inquisitors got up a protest meeting and had a few boys and girls jailed for protesting against *their* protest. Grover Whalen boasted of using *agents provocateurs* against the Reds and started to have every Communist in the city fired by the employers. Significantly, about this time Standard and Shell resumed their price war over Russia oil as Standard signed a five-year contract with the Soviet Naphtha Syndicate.

Admiral Byrd announced that he planned a new Antarctic Expedition, which will suit us down to the ground, so long as he doesn't tell about it until it's all over. The Treasury faced its first deficit since the war and Hoover urged that \$100,000,000 more be given to the farmers . . . Ed. Doheny faced the Federal Court for bribing Fall. "If at first you don't succeed, etc." . . . The Senate is doing perfectly fantastic things to the tariff, dropping it, burying it, digging it up, standing it on its hind legs and making it say "Please," and playing dead dog. However, nobody cares much now and the President has proclaimed the Covered Wagon Centennial to celebrate the heroism of those Yankees who walked out to Oregon to get better farms for nothing and to vote the Republican Ticket forever.

—J. F.

Mr. Phipps and Junior

JUNIOR: Paw, what's the low down on this cherry tree business?

MR. PHIPPS: What cherry tree business?

JUNIOR: The George Washington racket. You know, the stuff my teacher tells me about the old boy never telling a lie and that sort of thing.

MR. PHIPPS: My son, that old story about our first president is a cherished American tradition. What's more, it's the gospel truth.

JUNIOR: So George never did any lying, eh, Paw?

MR. PHIPPS: Never! He was a man of truth, honesty and integrity.

JUNIOR: Then how could he be president? Aren't all politicians crooks?

MR. PHIPPS: Of course not!

JUNIOR: Well, I heard you say that very thing last night in front of Mr. Tompkins.

MR. PHIPPS: There are exceptions to the rule.

JUNIOR: It's a complicated life, isn't it?

MR. PHIPPS: No, it's a fine life. What's more, if you mold your character along worthwhile lines you can grow up and be the same thing that George Washington was.

JUNIOR: Applesauce.

MR. PHIPPS: What do you mean applesauce?

JUNIOR: How in the dickens could I be the father of my country at this late date?

—James L. Dilley.

Time!

"How long has your cook been with you?"

"Oh, about three husbands."

Foremost among the discouraging incidents to which a business man must accustom himself is seeing a stenographer yawn while writing one of his snappy salesmanship letters.

Anagrams

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *scum* with an *i* and get something pleasant to hear.

(2) Scramble *blues* with a *t* and get something to do before you move.

(3) Scramble *messy* with a *t* and get the reverse of messy.

(4) Scramble *meeting* with an *r* and get a war-like crowd.

(5) Scramble *perish* with a *w* and get the best way to gossip.

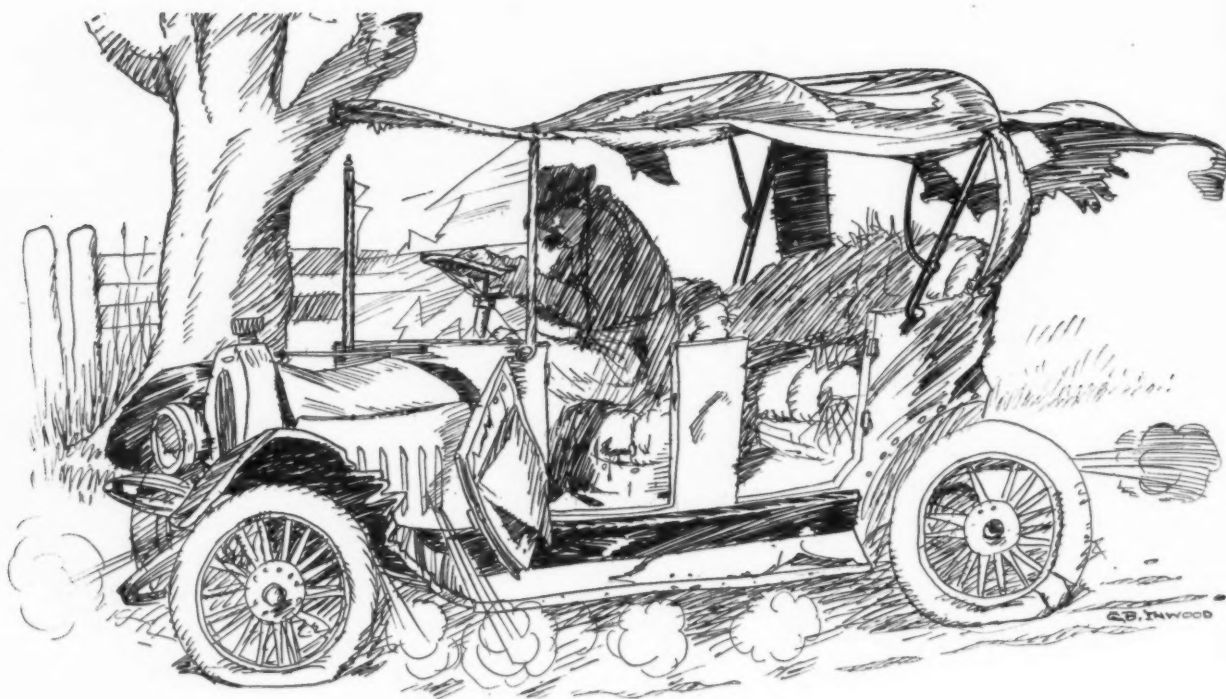
(6) Scramble *reach* with an *s* and get something to reach for after a drink.

(Answers on Page 28)

It's a lot of fun to look at a tabloid and then at a regular newspaper, to find out if it really happened.



"'Ray! Spring's 'erel Giver three rousinsheers, boys! Atsastuff!!"



"I don't think it's as good as the old one."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

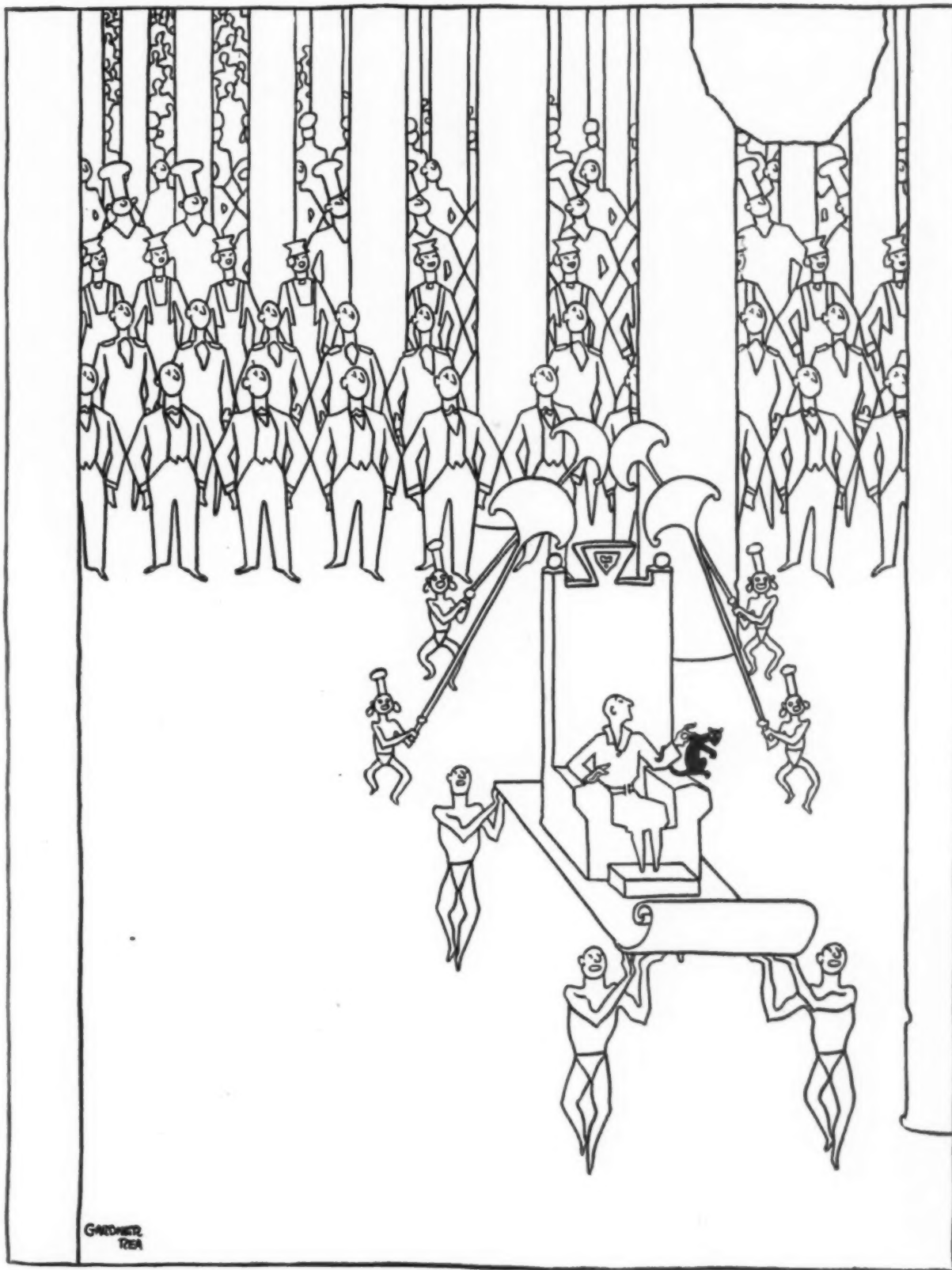
MARCH 12—By the first post a card bearing nought save the injunction "Read It and Sleep," which I took to be advance advertising for Dr. Joseph Collins' book about insomnia, and did smile to recall Isabel Paterson's doubtful compliment in her literary department, "Nobody is better fitted than Dr. Collins to write a book to cure insomnia." Lord! I could have used something last night to induce slumber, for I did toss about so fitfully that when daylight came I felt as though I had been destroyed and my type distributed, and with such a muscular agony in my shoulders that I was obliged to summon a nurse to massage it out, and, albeit her ministrations were effective enough, she did nearly drive me distracted with her comment, wishing that she had a library as extensive as ours, and confiding so many times how much she longed to be able to write, that I was at some pains not to respond, "Madam, it would be satisfactory to me if you could not even *speak*." Abed all day, finishing Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery novel, "The Door," and marveling again at her ability to contrive ideal environments for middle-aged and elderly women, and then to

Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies," as amusing a book as I have found in a long time, and I did like particularly the part where the gossip writer, having falsified a magnificent, libelous "beat" for his column, calmly stuck his head in a gas oven and turned on the current, and needlessly, too, for the next day his publisher was so pleased with his ingenuity in crashing the party in a false beard that he would have raised his pay instead of dismissing him.

MARCH 13—Still slightly enfeebled, so did on my new peach negligee and took to the chaise-longue, turning on the radio for some music, but Lord! so much of it is made these days by moon-struck tenors caterwauling "What Is This Thing Called Love?" that I do grow discouraged almost to the point of sending them a circular, expository letter in answer to their question, nor do I consider sane, neither, the crust-of-bread psychology underlying "A Little Kiss Each Morning, A Little Kiss Each Night." Only last Sunday it did take the combined efforts of our supper guests to keep me from a personal investigation of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's statement that each *boutonniere* for a certain wedding party had cost one hundred and fifty dollars, which proves mayhap, amongst other things,

that I have not enough affairs of my own to which to attend. Samuel in to talk with me, and when I asked him how it is that he is so slow in paying off a cab, whilst I make such short shrift of the transaction, he did tell me that it is because I, from the minuce I strike Fifth Avenue, do sit with three quarters, four dimes and two nickels in my fist throughout the remainder of the drive home, and on the edge of the seat, at that. Luncheon on a tray, of cheese whip and fresh asparagus, very fine, then to reading in "Brothers and Sisters," which does contain a woman as terrible as any I did ever encounter in fiction, albeit her life and character were blameless to the countryside, and when the plot became so thickened with incest that not only must two of her children break their betrothals through discovering they had made them with their own half-aunt and half-uncle but it did turn out that she herself had married her own half-brother, she dismissed the whole thing by telling them to forget it, much in the spirit of the metrical narrator who said:

*Little Willie choked his sister,
She was dead before they missed her;
Willie's always up to tricks—
Ain't he cute? He's only six!*
—Baird Leonard.



Cecil DeMille puts out the cat.

New York Life



Air Minded

WITH all this talk about the restlessness of youth and what is the younger generation coming to, it's a wonder to me that our esteemed elders don't make use of that greatest of modern inventions, right at hand, the radio . . . if they really want to keep the young folks off the streets and at home, why don't they make it interesting enough around the old hearthside? . . . for example, take the current radio entertainments that are being launched forth nightly across the great open spaces for the benefit of the old folks at home . . . Revivals of the good old songs, old operettas, string trios and quartettes, symphonies, weather reports, talks on health, hygiene, cooking recipes, fashion hints, *Amos n' Andy* and *Rudy Vallée*! . . . Ye Gods, is it any wonder that this palpable pap for middle aged slipper wearers causes the young blood to rush out of the house to the nearest speak-easy . . . just to show that I'm a young man with both feet on the ground I'm going to do my bit toward saving the younger generation from perdition . . .

if some kind benefactor will turn a loose radio station over to me I'll turn out a program that will keep the Y. G. glued to the loud speaker!

by blow description *not* by Graham McNamee nor Sam Taub.
10.35 Hale Byer's Orchestra.
11.00 Debate between Clarence Dar-



Around the Broadcasting Studios



THE PERSONALITY THREE

Radio Program

Station P. E. P. broadcasting on a hot wave length. Signature "Turn on The Heat!"

- 5.30 P. M. "The Cocktail Hour." The Latest recipes.
- 6.00 Leo Reisman's Orchestra. (*With no solo singing*).
- 7.30 "Barroom Ballads" by the University Glee Club. (*Join in the Chorus*).
"One Eye Reilly"
"Sweet Adeline"
"St. James Infirmary"
"Lord Jefferey Amherst"
"The — King of England"
"Far Above Cayuga's Waters"
- 8.30 Walter Winchell's Gossip About Town.
- 9.00 Ukelele Lessons.
- 9.30 Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.
- 10.30 Dempsey-Carnera Fight. Blow

- row and Heywood Broun on "Sex."
- 12.00 "The Highball Hour" with Rudy Vallée singing "Stein" and "Marching" songs for a laugh.
"University of Maine Stein Song"
"Song of The Vagabond"
"Down the Field"
"The Stein Song"
- 1.00 A. M. "How to Make Your Own Night Club," Texas Guinan and Helen Morgan, Mistresses of Ceremony.
Clayton, Jackson and Durante
Bob and Muriel Johnson
The Californians
Yacht Club Boys
- 2.00 Red Nichols' Orchestra.
- 3.00 Debate between H. L. Mencken and George Bernard Shaw on "Sex."
- 4.00 Smith Bellew's Orchestra.
- 5.00 The Lunch Wagon Hour with the Hamburg Quartette.
- 6.00 Setting Up Exercises.

Manna-About-Town

The only difference between columnists is the number of dots they use between sentences . . . and dot's dot! . . . the *Magic Music Marvel* at the *Paramount* . . . the *Bartender* at *Little Gus'* calls it real *Holland gin* because it is brought in through the *Holland Tunnel* . . . the perfectly dandy passport photos at *Room 514* at *56 Pine street* . . . *Ruth Etting* singing "*Ten Cents a Dance*" in "*Simple Simon*" . . . *Greta Garbo's* voice . . . *Maureen O'Sullivan* in "*Song O' My Heart*" . . . the *Stage Coach Inn* at *Locust Valley* . . . when *Walter Winchell* goes travelling does he get presented with the keyhole to the city? . . .

Our Own Serial

The Main Stem Murders

(Synopsis—*Walter Winchell* murdered! Shot through keyhole! Two days later *Louis Sapolsky* murdered in the same way! Thousands suspected! Read on!)

Philo Nance, the great detective jumped up as *Police Commissioner Moby Dick* rushed into the room.



G-BA LASS-CA
AND HIS SOCIETY SERENADERS

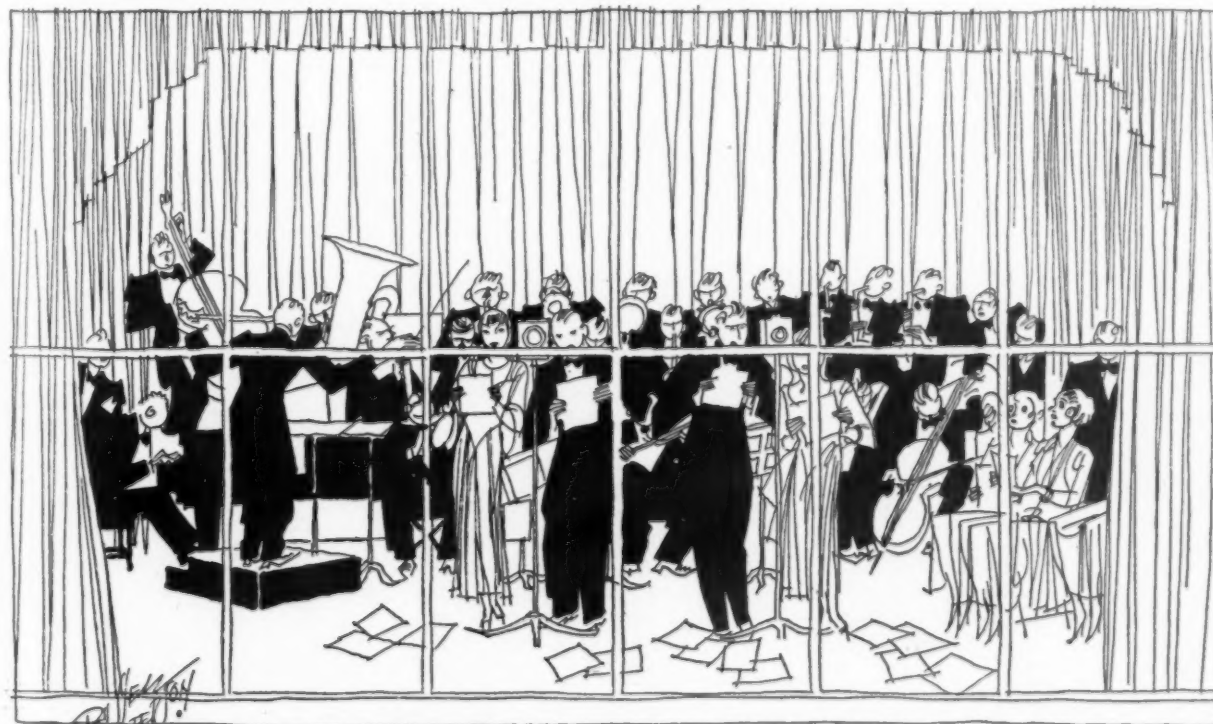
"Ye Gods! *Nance!* Terrible news!"
"What's up?"
"Four more columnists murdered!"
"Amazin'!" cried *Nance*, "Who were they?"
"*Bide Budley*, *O. O. Massacre*, *F. B. A.* and *Wayward Broom!*"
"Merciful Heavens!" cried *Nance*.
"*Moby*, there's an evil influence at work!"
"What d'ya mean *evil*?" yelled the

commissioner, then he turned suddenly and placed his well manicured hand on *Nance's* shoulder. "*Nance*, old man, you must keep this murderer from being caught!"

"What!" ejaculated *Nance*.

"Exactly!" hoarsed the commissioner. "If this murderer is not apprehended he'll kill every columnist in town! Get the idea?"

(Continued next week)



THE GLASS ENCLOSED STAGE OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING THEATRE ON THE ROOF OF THE AMSTERDAM

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

I DIDN'T see the first act of Turgenyev's "A Month in the Country." I was naughty, and the Theatre Guild was obliged to punish me by making me stand in the corner until it was over.

I'm not trying to excuse myself. There wasn't any excuse for my arriving a few minutes late, and I got not a bit more than I deserved. I'd been blundering along, fatuously believing that dining and going to the theatre constituted an evening's pleasure, and that it was up to me to decide whether it would give me more pleasure to have another cup of *café turc* or to see the first five minutes of a play. But now I see that I have been wrong. The Theatre Guild knows best. Going to the theatre is like arriving on time at the office in the morning, or keeping an appointment with the dentist punctually, and I promise that I shall do my best to think about it that way in the future. When a curtain is advertised to rise at 8:30, it rises at 8:59, and no fooling—and so much the worse for you if you are not there to see it rise.

I breezed into the Guild Theatre all full of enthusiasm for the drama and with a nicely whetted appetite to see this particular specimen of it just in time not to see the curtain go up on it, and was stabbed by the gentleman on the door with as dirty a look as I'd care to receive. At the head of the grand staircase, a beautiful maiden in olden time costume completed my humiliation by pointing out to me that I was late and would have to stand until the end of the act. Then she ushered me into a space about the size and shape of one of the cells in "The Last Mile," which was, true enough, inside the doors, and there was a view of the distant stage over the retaining wall behind the last row of seats, but a company of Grenadier Guardsmen, on furlough, had taken their places along it—and I am short of stature, like Napoleon and Beethoven and Otto Kahn.

There couldn't have been more than a hundred and fifty of us tardy scholars of the theatre in that little space, but among us were Herbert Hoover and Colonel Lindbergh and Babe Ruth and three members of the Board of Managers of the Theatre Guild, and people like that need lots of room. So

I went out and cast myself down on a carved Etruscan sarcophagus in the foyer and pondered on how rude I'd been to the actors and the prompt arrivals in the audience even to think of climbing over people into my seat and making a nuisance of myself after everything had got going.

When I was finally shown into my seat between the acts, I was reminded again how rude it was when those who had lingered too long on the sidewalk or in the smoke room climbed over me into their seats and made nuisances of themselves after the second act had got going. And when the same thing



Bucolic effects by International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, American Federation of Labor.

happened at the beginning of the third act, and again at the beginning of the fourth act, I thought about it very deeply and finally came to the conclusion that the Guild had been very wise and just to forbid people to take their seats at the beginning of the first act.

However, once my manners had been properly corrected, I began to like the play. The settings, by the Russian painter, Dobuzinsky, were quite beautiful, and Nazimova and Dudley Digges and Henry Travers and Eunice Stoddard acted supremely well. Especially did Nazimova thrill me, for she might so easily have been old-fashioned in her work, which she wasn't at all. She seems to have come through the vampire period in the theatre unscathed and one can only conclude that she is an

actress of the first order, though a star.

The play, like all good Russian plays, is a section of life in which one event follows another and nothing ever happens. Everything turns out exactly as you expected it to turn out and it is a very good lesson to modern people, like you and me, who are losing the healthy knack of being interested and amused without being astonished and amazed. The action takes place on a country estate in Russia in the early 1840's, and there are long scenes devoted to whether or not Mikhail Aleksandrovich brushed his teeth before he came to the party and to the state of Viera Aleksandrovna's heart and respiratory arrangements when Aleksei Nikolae-vich is near. It is most pleasantly boring.

THERE has been a confusing onslaught of piffling little entertainments which mean little more than that the season is getting old and feeble and near its end. "Penny Arcade" offers an evening of cussing and murder around an amusement park with sweethearts being protected even at the cost of allowing innocent men to be convicted. "Mayfair" is English society nonsense which I have happily forgotten already. Harry Wagstaff Gribble has seen fit to waste his talents boiling three old English plays into a pompous affair in blank verse called "The Royal Virgin," which goes into the matter of Elizabeth's affair with the Earl of Essex. And Mrs. Fiske is being seen, in pretty good company, in one of those elaborate revivals of "The Rivals." For novelty, there have been the Japanese players in native dramas. With Mei Lan-fang in town to compare them with, they succeed only in demonstrating how vastly superior the Chinese are as artists, but they pose about the stage in sword-dances and the like which make very pretty Japanese prints.

The worst play of the entire season, "Love, Honor and Betray," showed its silly head for a few days at the Eltinge, and then scampered for the cover it never should have left. One Yellenti provided a movable setting which worked well and should be very useful in some good play, and Alice Brady had the excellent taste and commendable good sense to show her contempt for the stuff by giving the worst performance of her career.



THE EARLY FORTIES IN RUSSIA.
Alla Nazimova and Dudley Digges in Turgenev's "A Month in the Country."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Song O' My Heart"

IT WAS interesting to watch the patrons of the arts who attended the New York premier of "Song O' My Heart." Sitting directly in front of us was a famous maestro who had come to the affair with an open mind but not much enthusiasm. Scattered near us were a number of other prominent music lovers, whose attitudes indicated that they were a bit bored at the idea of a talking movie. Mr. William Fox had not only invited them, but had sent out considerable publicity announcing that they would be present, so there they were all dressed up and ready to yawn at the proper time.

The picture flashed on the screen . . . the star appeared . . . (sporadic applause) . . . John's friend, the village organist, dropped in for a chat, seated himself at the piano, strummed a few chords and said, "Will you sing this old favorite of mine?" . . . then the McCormack voice, and unmistakably the McCormack voice, with all its warm, human sweetness . . . perhaps not one of the great tenor voices of all times, but surely the one with the greatest general appeal . . . and as the last notes died away the audience burst into a storm of unqualified approval that gave McCormack a thrill he had never known before. We glanced across the aisle where he was sitting and the look of excited pleasure on his face expressed the realization of a dream come true. He had created an authentic record of his life-work for posterity to see and hear. What a pity Caruso and other great voices should have been denied this satisfaction.

While the singing of the star is the all important item, "Song O' My Heart" is more than just a mechanical triumph . . . it is a thoroughly convincing romantic episode that will bring a tear to your eye and wipe it away with a bit of Irish humor. In sincere appreciation we take off our hat to Director Frank Borzage. Mr. McCormack is no slim Romeo, nor is he the best type of camera subject. Improperly handled

he might have been made to appear ridiculous in spite of his splendid voice. Fortunately, Mr. Borzage has taken every physical detail into consideration, and the result is a film that strikingly demonstrates the effectiveness of simplicity—that quality of beauty so grossly neglected in the movie industry.

An example of Mr. Borzage's good sense is shown during the scene in which John is making his concert debut in America (and what a scene) . . . a cable is delivered backstage . . . it announces the death of his sweetheart . . . we groaned in anticipation of the laugh-clown-laugh act, but believe it or not this did not happen . . . there was no mention of the fact that "the show must go on." You will have to

Blue Eyes" and that merry, lilting "Kitty My Love."

We consider "Song O' My Heart" the most charming picture ever produced by William Fox.

"The Rogue Song"

THIS picture, based on the operetta, "Gypsy Love," offers another exceptional musical treat . . . the voice of Lawrence Tibbett, formerly of grand opera but now of Hollywood. Mr. Tibbett's performance might well be classed with that of McCormack if he had been given the proper medium of expression. In contrast with the simplicity of the McCormack film, "The Rogue Song" is pretentious in the extreme.

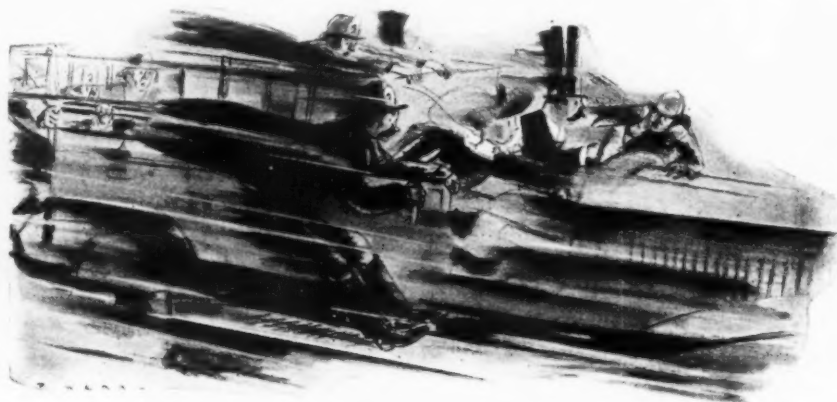
It is done entirely in technicolor, about which we have no complaint, nor can we especially blame Metro-Goldwyn for going to the expense of creating gorgeous sets and hiring a horde of singing gypsies and a palacelike of magnificent royalty for the public's entertainment.

The fact remains, however, that if the big idea was to provide Mr. Tibbett with the opportunity to do justice to his voice, the vehicle selected should have been a bit less brilliant and a little more quiet.

Mr. Tibbett is most enjoyable when singing soft, sweet little airs to his lady love. When he raises his voice to its full power you become aware of an apprehension that either the projection machine will burst into flames or the screen will split in two and start flopping in your face. The recording engineers were evidently not accustomed to a voice of such tremendous volume. They'll do better next time.

Catherine Dale Owen (the princess who falls for the crooning of the rough, virile Gypsy smoothie) is one of the screen's most beautiful women, which is her only excuse for being present. An actress simply cannot express emotion by raising and lowering the eyebrows and chest, and if you think this is written for the mere sake of a laugh, go see the picture and mail in your objections, if any.

(Continued on Page 28)



"By golly! I just can't believe that this is the first time you've ever driven, Mr. Peebles."

see it to enjoy the surprise.

In the excellent supporting cast are two real movie finds—Maureen O'Sullivan and a small boy named Tommy Clifford—both discovered by Mr. Borzage in Ireland. Miss O'Sullivan and her sweetheart (John Garrick) do one scene in an orchard with McCormack's voice as a background that is a sentimental classic. Next to the star in entertainment importance is J. M. Kerrigan, whose humorous bickering with Farrell Macdonald is delightful despite the age of the general idea. Miss Alice Joyce plays opposite Mr. McCormack. Fortunately, she has little to say.

Mr. McCormack sings eleven songs in all, and among them is one that no one can sing as he does. It is "Little Boy Blue." Better take your handkerchief. Other numbers are, "A Fairy Story By The Fireside" (every kid should hear this), "Ireland, Mother Ireland" (you'll want to wave a green flag), "Loughi Sereni E Cari" (to prove he can be high-hat), "Just For Today," "The Rose Of Tralee," "I Hear You Calling Me," "A Pair Of

Life's LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

The Perplexing Problem of Household Terminology Three great Scientists who are Seeking to Shed Light on these Matters



How Warm is Luke?

For centuries people have used the term "luke" so carelessly, that its exact meaning has become confused. Many a man has been chilled or scalded to death in a tub his butler believed "luke warm." To end this, the Josiah Windlestaff Foundation has two scientists working day and night, seeking to establish a definition of lukedom that will be universal, once and for all.



To End Odd Use of "Odds and Ends"

"Anyone who says his attic is full of Odds and Ends," says Dr. Ondutt Carbie, who is an authority on such matters, is making a fool of himself. In my personal investigation of over 5,000 attics this season, I have found Odds galore and Ends galore . . . but never the two together! To keep people from making this stupid blunder, Carbie is preparing a volume that will explain their subtle difference in detail.



Is Your Breakfast Nook Merely a Cranny?

What householder is there who is not harassed by the thought that his breakfast nook really might not be a nook at all? "Stop worrying! Find out for yourself!" advises Kolph, the deviser of the reliable "cat-test". "If you can get three hundred cats into it, you have a full-fledged breakfast nook. If not, you have only a breakfast cranny."

Life at Home

NEW YORK—Olga Petrova, on her return from Paris, said, "I am fond of America but I couldn't live in any country where I can't drink real beer. Prohibition isn't all that's wrong. In America you have to keep up with the Joneses. That's what caused the Wall Street crash. I haven't retired, I just quit. If I died today, the world would owe me nothing."

FREEPORT, O.—Felt boots, corduroy trousers and the like are taboo at meetings of the Town Council. Mayor Jenkins has given warning that members must not look like hicks when on official business.

CHICAGO—So thoroughly excited did Mrs. Lila Coyle become when she drew thirteen hearts in a bridge game, that she bid six no trumps and lost every trick. Her husband, Edwin, then tossed a cut glass grape fruit bowl at her, she charged, in suing for divorce.

NEW YORK—Respect for the law, or the Eighteenth Amendment to be exact, does not go unrewarded at the Prince George Hotel. Two bell boys who refused to procure liquor for a guest were presented with gold medals and \$10 each by the management at a public reception.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Clyde Cox, aged eleven, fourth-grade pupil, has been placed under \$100 bond following an indictment charging him with selling liquor. The boy is the youngest person ever brought before the U. S. Commissioner on a charge of liquor law violation. He is charged with selling whiskey to Federal agents.

and Elsewhere

PARIS—Prof. Pella, Rumanian delegate to the League of Nations, declares that war is a normal state of affairs, and that peace pacts would be useless. His investigations show that in the 3,400 known years of world history, there were only 248 peace years.

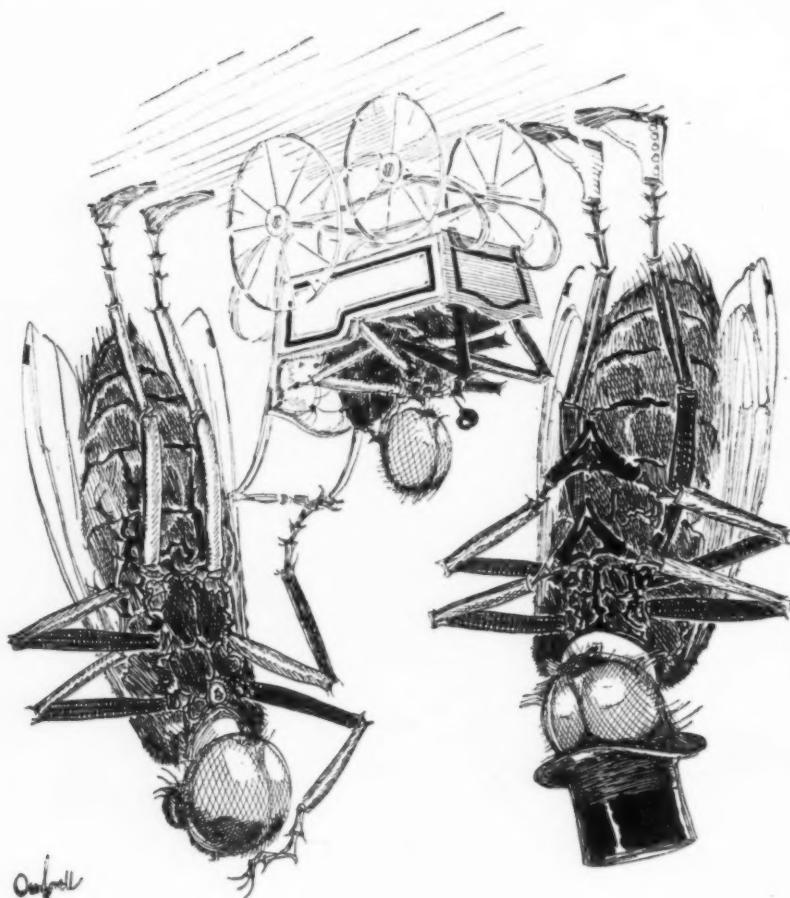
ESSEX, Eng.—The Vicar of Benfleet has estimated that during the average marriage a man sees his wife's face at breakfast 10,000 times. "This is a pretty severe test of human nature," the Vicar remarks.

BLACKBURN, Eng.—"A Society to Preserve Masculine Independence and Agitate for Masculine Liberty."

These are the objects of a new male organization formed here.

The society would abolish law action for breach of promise of marriage, separate alimony from divorce and bar women school teachers from training boys. It will be urged that women, in war time, be formed into combat corps.

ST. CATHERINES, Ont.—Residents of Niagara-on-the-Lake are aroused over the action of United States customs officers in pouring 10,000 gallons of contraband liquor into the Niagara river from which the city obtains its supply of drinking water. The water passes through an efficient filtration plant, and one report has it that it was this efficiency that aroused the citizenry.



"Is the little one better this morning, Mrs. Buzbuz?"
"Yes, but I was up with him nearly all night, walkin' the ceiling."

This Advertisement Appeared in the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, March 17.

Similar Full-Page ads have also appeared in the New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, Detroit Free-Press, Boston Globe and St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



Something for the tax payer to think about

Last year individual taxpayers paid into the Federal Treasury \$882,727,114.

The estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement and loss of revenue is \$936,000,000.

1800000000
918 000 000
\$926 000 000
\$882 727 114

How long will we put up with it?

Prohibition must go.

Its doom is clearly written in the editorial trend of the most influential publications of the country.

It is doomed surely because its greatest protagonists can no longer close their eyes to its colossal failure.

It has failed because it is a law for the other fellow and a law for the other fellow is a law for nobody.

Where is that Utopia that was to have come with Prohibition?

Our jails are crowded to the point of riot.

Arrests for drunkenness are steadily on the increase.

Deaths from alcoholism have mounted.

Public officials have been corrupted.

Murder has become a commonplace.

Prohibition does not prohibit!

New York has 30,000 speakeasies in the place

of 16,000 licensed saloons before Prohibition.

Chicago is at the mercy of the beer-running racketeer.

Bootleg highballs cost a dollar a glass and nobody makes a profit out of that dollar but the bootlegger.

The farmer is worse off because he has lost a great market for his grain.

The tax-payer is worse off because the total estimated annual cost of Prohibition, for enforcement and loss in revenue, is \$936,000,000, while the total revenue received by the Federal Treasury from individual income taxes in 1928 was \$882,727,114.

That money comes out of your pocketbook and ours.

We paid a lot of it on March 15 and there is another instalment due in June.

How long is this farcical hypocrisy to continue?

Why be irrevocably committed to a futile law when the very tools to change it are in our hands?

Two million men who were too busy to vote in 1918 are asking if it isn't about time they had a voice in the matter.

Twenty million men and women who have come into their majority since the Eighteenth Amendment want a chance to speak also.

If the inspired document on which this nation was founded means anything, we are entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Life, the magazine, would therefore like to see a return to that mellowness and joy of living which Ambassador Bryce once characterized as "the kindly neighborliness of American life."

That's why Life asks for a return to Temperance.

That's why Life says, "Let's go!"

What about you?

If you agree with these sentiments, let's clean house!

▶ ▶ ▶ WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE ◀ ◀ ◀

nb Advertising is the most powerful weapon that can be used to strip the blindfold from the eyes of the American people and bring about a speedy repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

This advertisement which appeared last week in the New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune brought immediate and enthusiastic response. Already enough voluntary contributions have been received to present this appeal to the more than 957,000 readers of the Chicago Tribune. We want you to help in carrying this work further.

Do you realize what a nation-wide advertising campaign similar to this can accomplish? Can you visualize the effect on our legislature if millions of people support this great campaign?

The mighty wave of protest from coast to coast would soon sweep the Augustan statues clean and put an end to this hypocrisy.

LIFE wants your help

Such a gigantic advertising campaign is easily possible if you will help. Send one dollar (as much more as you like) to the LIFE War Chest. Every penny thus received will be used by LIFE to buy similar publicity throughout the United States.

Don't put this off or wait for the other fellow to do it. Tear out the coupon now and mail it with your contribution as soon as you get a chance.

P. S. Tell all your friends about it, too.

IMPORTANT!—MAIL THIS TODAY

THE LIFE WAR CHEST
590 Madison Avenue, New York City

Dear Life: I agree with your sentiments on Temperance. Enclosed find _____ dollars, my contribution to the good work. While there's Life there's hope.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Send \$1 (as much more as you like).

This advertisement is sponsored by Life Publishing Company, 200 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Page in LIFE is donated by LIFE for the repeal of prohibition and every dollar received will be used for newspaper publicity.

JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE REPEAL!

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Life, love and death in a wretched side-street. Elmer Rice's tense drama.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—British officers getting shrapnel splinters in their tea. R. C. Sheriff's best of all war plays.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—John Drinkwater's comedy of an English inn celebrates its first anniversary in New York.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Highly amusing portraits of small-town folk.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's five-foot shelf of European classics.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Beautiful comedy in which a wicked thought leads to love, marriage and eleven children.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—An ingenious solution to a murder which happens before your eyes in a subway car.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—More loud guffaws than in any six other comedies. By Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Leslie Howard falls in love with a lady living in the eighteenth century, and does it handsomely.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A henpeck, played by Donald Meek, revolts amusingly against mother and the girls.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Bayes*—Trash, but persistent.
- MENDEL, INC. *George M. Cohan*—Alexander Carr, Joe Smith and Charles Dale in Potash and Perlmutter stuff.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Mammoth*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Some breath-taking necking by the very young.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Sentimental history of a lot of trouble a young author and his wife get themselves into.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Some noble Italians spend an uncomfortable week-end with Death. Philip Merivale is superb.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—One of the best shows in town, with a cast of one.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—St. John Ervine's delightful comedy in which Grace George, as the first Mrs. F. bests the second Mrs. F.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Forty-eighth Street*—Who does go to see stuff like this, anyway?
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—The bright sayings of Donald Ogden Stewart collected in a little comedy about love, marriage, and the like.
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell kills her lover in cold blood, and it seems the ladies love it.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Morgan in a brilliant satire on grafting public officials in the French Republic.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Magnificently acted and incredibly thrilling drama of a mutiny in the death house.

- ★THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Weird yarn of a kept lady who marries a Scotch student. Helen Menken.
- APRON STRINGS. *Cort*—Slight comedy of mother's influence over her boy.
- ★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Infidelity in Westchester, by the author of "Broadway."
- THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*—The Coburns present the lovable side of Babbitt.
- ★THE APPLE CART. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bernard Shaw finds that constitutional monarchy is not so bad, after all, in his dullest play.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The ignorant Negro's notion of the Bible story made into the most beautiful and moving play in town.
- LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE. *President*—Pompous nonsense in blank verse.
- PENNY ARCADE. *Fulton*—Shooting at Coney Island. Trash.
- THE BLUE GHOST. *Forrest*—More trash. Mystery.
- ★THE RIVALS. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—A revival with Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers, Andrew Mack, Pedro de Cordoba, Rollo Peters, and people like that.
- ★A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY. *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Alla Nazimova in Turgenev's play of Russian country life in 1840.
- ★THE ROYAL VIRGIN. *Booth*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ornate drama in blank verse setting forth Queen Bess' affair with Essex.
- MAYFAIR. *Belmont*—London society talking, talking, talking.
- ★THE MATRIARCH. *Longacre*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Constance Collier in a London success.
- I WANT MY WIFE. *Liberty*—A farce by the author of "She Couldn't Say No."

Musical

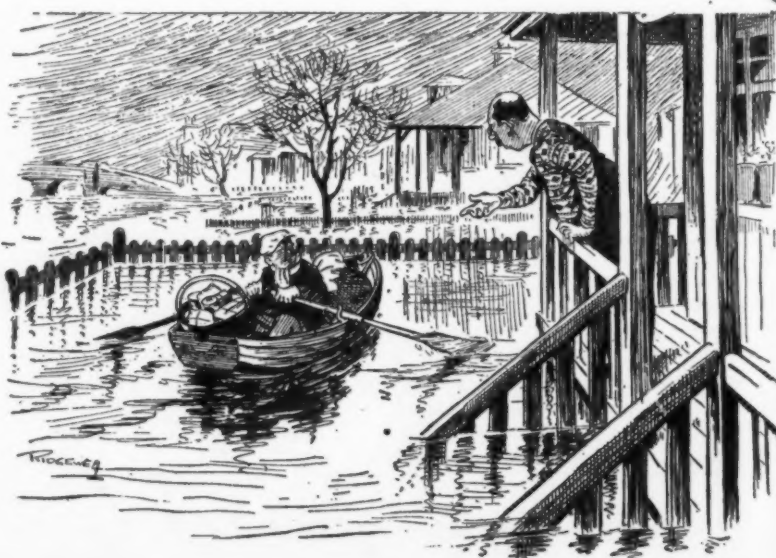
- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$6.60—Will Mahoney and a lot of gals in Carroll's best effort.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue marries a war bride, Lily Damita. One of the favorites.

- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Good fun with the Americans in Paris. Cole Porter's music.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—Clark and McCullough in a musical comedy with an idea. The Gershwins' music and lyrics.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—One of those huge Ziegfeld affairs—with Ed. Wynn.
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$6.60—Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Pearl and Harry Richman in a show designed for the ermine-coat-and-orchid trade.

Movies

- SONG O' MY HEART and THE ROGUE SONG—In this issue.
- THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King's splendid singing and a remarkable performance by O. P. Heggie.
- SONG OF THE WEST—Joe E. Brown and the scenery are swell. The recording is bad.
- CHASING RAINBOWS—If Marie Dressler becomes any more popular Metro-Goldwyn will have to star her. All right if you can stand another backstage story.
- ANNA CHRISTIE—Greta Garbo's first talkie. Don't miss it.
- MEN WITHOUT WOMEN—Gripping submarine drama. Mrs. Beatrice Hunter of Los Angeles objects to the sailors' pants being creased after they have been in the water.
- LILIES OF THE FIELD—Don't consider them.
- SON OF THE GODS—Richard Barthelmess' best work since "Tol'able David."
- HAPPY DAYS—See it if your theatre shows the *Grandeur* Film version. Details on *Grandeur* in LIFE, March 7th.
- STREET OF CHANCE—The best thing William Powell has ever done.
- LOVE COMES ALONG—You should see any picture in which Bebe Daniels sings or a sailor saves a girl's honor.
- THE GREEN GODDESS—Very disappointing after "Disraeli."
- SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Winnie Lightner should stick to comedy.

(Continued on Page 26)



IRRITABLE RIVERSIDE DWELLER: Now, my lad, what are you thinking of?
Get off the grass! —Humorist.

The \$5,000.00 Contest has started a Company fight

The Pacific Coast disputes the Factory's Prediction!

Contest open to everybody!

328 Cash Prizes!



"I pick the tube,"
says G. G. Harwood,

Manager
Western Branch

"The new Ingram tube is a sure success because it contains the coolest and best cream a man ever used. Whether it outsells the jar this year or not, a tube appeals to most men. Don't forget that when you make your predictions!"

G. G. Harwood

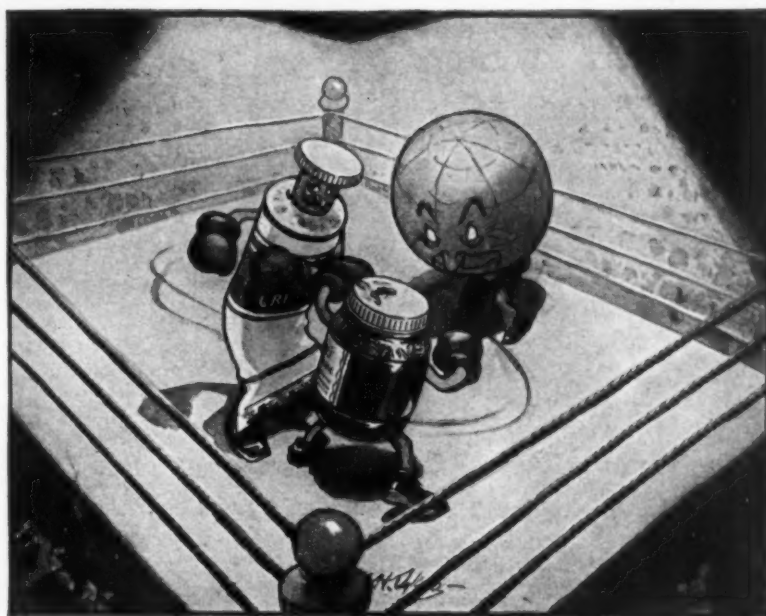


"The jar looks good"
says W. M. Bristol, Jr.,

Vice-President
in Charge
of Production

"When the discussion of a contest first came up, I realized a lot of men would be strong for the tube. I don't say it isn't going over well, but it will be a long time before it outsells the original Ingram jar! That jar has the preference of a million men!"

William M. Bristol, Jr.



WITH the Ingram Shaving Cream \$5,000.00 prize contest barely under way, even the company officials are arguing about it!

Yet this contest—unlike most others—is free from tricks and red tape. You are merely asked to predict how our sales of the tube will compare with those of the famous Ingram jar during 1930!

Ingram's was introduced in a tube shortly before January 1st. Previously it was packed only in the little blue jar. Now you can get it in either jar or tube. The jar may be no beauty, but in five years it built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world! And don't forget—a million men like it!

Here are Ingram's sales:

1926.....	751,392 Jars
1927.....	1,148,628 Jars
1928.....	1,560,828 Jars
1929.....	1,992,998 Jars

The real reason for Ingram's remarkable growth is the cream itself—the first and best of all cool shaving creams! Some men like the jar. Others prefer a tube. Which will sell better? We don't know!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in com-

parison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Ingram's gives you a new conception of how bracing your morning shave can be and should be. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin while you shave. You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 366, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)



MARINER: Wot d'yer expect to catch 'ere?
 BOY: Dunno. But if it 'as whiskers on I'll chuck it back.
 —Punch, by permission.

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 7)

"It's long distance, Madam."

Mrs. Smith rose and started for her room. She thought Bobby had probably got himself into some scrape and was phoning up from Cuba for bail. When she reached the instrument there was no response. She jiggled it for a few moments. "Will you excuse it, Plee-az?" and she went back to the drawing room. To her astonishment Mr. Cathay was not in sight. She rang for a servant. Willingdrift came.

"Where's Mr. Cathay?"

"I was just coming to tell you, madam. While you were at the phone

some gentlemen came with a message for him. It was about his friends, I believe. He had to leave quite suddenly."

"What a bore," said Mrs. Smith.

Half an hour later Mrs. Smith was still thinking it was a bore and was busy working up quite a good mad at Willingdrift when he again came to her.

"A Mr. Locke to see you, Madam."

Mrs. Smith was so bored by this time that she'd have seen Dr. Crippen had he come calling. She said, "Show him up."

A moment later a tall grey man stood before her. He bowed. He said, "Mrs. Smith, I cannot thank you."

"Don't," said Mrs. Smith. It seemed a safe remark.

"You have been the means of saving many lives."

Mrs. Smith smiled. She didn't know what it was all about, but evidently it was nice. She said, "Now just sit down and tell me who you are and all about it."

The grey man sat down. He said, "I'm Mr. Locke—assistant warden of Sing Sing."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Acting on your kind advice we have just frustrated one of the most insidious jail breaks ever plotted."

Mrs. Smith's hair was fighting with Mrs. Smith's rat to let it stand on end. Mr. Locke continued.

"Yesterday at your request your servant telephoned me. He told me he had found a letter from one of our worst criminals sticking out of the coat pocket of a man who was regularly mulcting money from you and said you wanted me to investigate it. From his description of the man I soon identified him and looking further into the situation found that this man had actually been shipping firearms into the prison disguised as musical instruments. Madam, the State of New York thanks you. Your foresight and prompt action have saved us untold horror!"

It was a full minute before she spoke. Then she said something that sounded to Mr. Locke like "Music lovers—my God!" It troubled him, but he passed it off thinking it was no doubt just an idiom of the upper classes to express surprise.

"Taxi," another Willingdrift story, will appear next week.



"And you say that's Real Ivory?"
 "Vell—almost."

—Punch, by permission.



Wheels on the ROAD
... *that's* SAFETY
Riders on the SEAT
... *that's* COMFORT



*Insist on a
Rough Road
Ride*

Bouncing wheels are a constant danger

Bouncing seats are a constant discomfort

HOUDAILLE
PRODUCED BY HOUDAILLE
hydraulic double acting
SHOCK ABSORBER

Rough roads are the proving grounds of Comfort and Safety.

Enjoy the Houdaille Smooth Ride over Rough Roads at any speed.

It will be your standard of comparison.

See the Houdaille distributor in your town or write for booklet.

Houde Engineering Corporation

Buffalo, N.Y.

A DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

PIONEERS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HYDRAULIC DOUBLE ACTING SHOCK ABSORBERS



A GAY BLADE

YOU know the kind of shave you've always wanted. Not too tight—not too dry. Just pleasantly mellow and smooth.

Squibb's Shaving Cream will give you a shave like that. It makes a gay blade of any razor—takes away the sting and the rasp—puts velvet comfort into every shave.

And more! Squibb's has two actions. It also replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin. Leaves a lasting comfort after you shave.

You'll find a battalion of double-action shaves in every tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream. And you'll find Squibb's at every druggist's.



SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 22)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
H Headwaiter
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)
BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A gallant place for a gallant time run by a gallant gentleman. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.
CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.
CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.
CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. *C.\$2. H.Adolph.
CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun, C.\$1.50. FS.\$2.00. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.
DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.
DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H.Maraschino.
MONTMARTE, 50 & B'way. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.
NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8th Ave. and 34th St. Bernie Cummins' orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.
RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.
ST. REGIS SEAGLIDE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. *C.\$2. S.\$3.
THE NIGHT BOAT, 117 West 48th St. Roger White's orchestra. C.\$2. FS.\$3. H. Bill Walsh.

Records

LUCKY LITTLE DEVIL,
EVERYBODY TAP.....
Smooth but snappy dance music by Bernie Cummins' band. (Victor)
SING YOU SINNERS,
CINDERELLA BROWN.....
A couple of hot ones played by the Charleston Chasers. (Columbia)
CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH ME.....
.....Bright and peppy.
BLUE, TURNING GRAY OVER YOU.....
.....Soft and sentimental. (Victor)
HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE,
SHE'LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN.....
Distinctly different and swell fun. Paul Tremain's band. (Columbia)
THANK YOU, FATHER,
GOOD FOR YOU, BAD FOR ME.....
Two rousing good tunes from "Flying High." (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"Lucky Little Devil" (No show)
"In My Little Hope Chest" (Honey)
"There's Danger In Your Eyes, Cherie" (Puttin' on the Ritz)
"Wasn't It Beautiful?" (Flying High)

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

(Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed



AS THIS issue goes to press, LIFE's Declaration of War against Prohibition has already rallied thousands of volunteers to the cause. The first full page advertisement which appeared in the *New York Times*, March 12th (See Page 21) brought such an immediate and enthusiastic response that a similar page was placed in the *New York Herald Tribune* two days later. The same reaction followed the appearance of the *Tribune* page and within a week full pages were run in the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Boston Post*, and the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, and all of these, except our original page in the *Times*, paid for by voluntary contributions!

In addition several small papers gave full page space gratis and many published feature articles explaining LIFE's drive. If the public response continues as strong and as enthusiastic as it started, we shall have a wave of sentiment that will swamp Washington!

Several big banks called special director's meetings and voted various amounts to the cause . . . the first 1500 volunteers averaged over \$3 apiece . . . twenty-two dissenting letters have been received, one of them signed . . . acknowledgments, together with reprints of the page and six coupons on the back of each, are going to contributors as fast as we can catch up with them . . . the largest individual contribution so far has been \$100, and the smallest 1c . . . one of the largest building owners in New York bought 150 copies of the *Times* and then called upon us for further coupons . . . a well known Park Avenue resident had 25,000 extra copies of the page printed at his own expense and had them mailed to 25,000 people.

Some excerpts from letters:

"Here is my dollar—maybe yours is the voice which will save the *spirit* of the country."

"A friend showed me your advertisement in the *Times*. Your statement of the situation is intelligent, true to fact, and impartial. I'm for temperance! Temperance cannot be legislated through a prohibition law."

"I enclose herewith \$10.00 contribution for the good work. Before prohibition I drank only wine and beer in moderation. Gradually I turned to bootleg whiskey, not because I liked it better, but it is easier to secure than good wine and beer and costs less!"

"Enclosed please find my contribution for \$1.00. Allow me to compliment you. This is the most constructive move toward the abolition or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment that I have seen since the advent of 'prohibition.' The faster the work of this character is pushed forward, the sooner we may expect the return of sanity in morals and finance."

And on smart tea tables . . .



A delightfully friendly occasion—tea . . . apparently so careless and convivial, yet really so thoughtfully planned by the hostess.

On the many-decked tea basket . . . crisp canapes of some savory, perhaps; delicate sandwiches of cress—of olives—of cucumbers—of your favorite combinations. Toasted muffins, or crumpets, newly buttered, and wafer-thin slices of buttered bread spread with strawberry, raspberry or currant jelly.

Somewhere in the background of these smart teas—or equally smart suppers—you'll find Heinz preserves and jellies. Because the hostess finds their flavor and goodness so in keeping with the other delightful foods she serves. **H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.**

57

The Heinz label on any jar or bottle is the sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form!



SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES:

HEINZ PRESERVES—Red Raspberry, Strawberry, Damson Plum, Pineapple, Peach—HEINZ JELLIES—Crab-apple, Currant, Grape, Quince

© H. J. H. CO. '26

LE MOMENT TENDU [THE TENSE MOMENT]

When the house is afire and
you are waiting to be res-
cued by the brave pompiers
(fire-laddies) do not lose
your savoir-faire... jamais!
(pronounced zhomae)...



be nonchalant...
LIGHT A MURAD

pronounced perfect by discriminating smokers

© F. Lorillard Company

A new baby car is claimed to be practically silent. We understand, however, that if picked up and held close to the ear the engine can be heard ticking.
—London Opinion.

vegetable CRACKERS

Either sweetened or salted

Here's a vegetable nibble that is delightful. The vitamins and goodness of ripe vegetables are in them. Made with spinach, carrot, pumpkin flour, whole wheat flour and sweet yeast. Wonderful for children—and everybody.



Four packages for \$1

Special offer Parcel Post Free

Whole Wheat Pretzels 60c lb.

Great Valley Mills
PAOLI, PA.



"All Aboard for all
points west, east, north
and south"

The Travel Number
of
Life
will be out
NEXT WEEK

10 cents at all newsstands.

(28)

Movies

(Continued from Page 18)

As a screen personality of real merit we nominate Judith Vosselli... and hope to see her often.

LIFE recommends "The Rogue Song" because of Mr. Tibbett's magnificent rendition of the music by Franz Lehr and Herbert Stothart.

Corrections and Alterations

IN A recent review of "Love Comes Along" we stated that we thought a voice double was used when Lloyd Hughes was supposed to be singing. Mr. Montagu Love, who played in the same picture, writes a very nice letter and says that Mr. Hughes really did his own singing. Our apologies and congratulations. In this case Mr. Hughes should have another singing rôle immediately.

We also want to correct an error in our report of "Chasing Rainbows." We called Marie Dressler "Louise." We are sure that both Miss Dressler and Miss Dresser should feel complimented.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 11

- (1) Music.
- (2) Sublet.
- (3) System.
- (4) Regiment.
- (5) Whisper.
- (6) Chaser.

EASES EYE STRAIN

Here's quick, safe relief for eyes strained by reading, sewing, driving or office work. Merely apply a few drops of Murine and almost at once they'll feel fresh and rested. 60c.



MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

April 4, 1930

Vol. 95 Number 2474

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598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board
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HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer
NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
PHILIP ROSA, Managing Editor
W. W. SCOTT, Assistant Editor

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.00.

A youthful actress has written a tragedy in which all the characters are strangled. This will be a nice change from the too-familiar type of play in which all the characters ought to be.

—Passing Show.

A new type of dance floor can be rolled up and put away when not required. Care should be taken to see that all dancers have been removed before this is done.

—Punch.

The latest dining-table has a top of glass. This means that observant guests will be able to see the hostess hacking at her husband's shin when he makes a tactless remark.

—London Opinion.



"Hi! Put that clock down."

—Punch, by permission.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM" ... YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—he doesn't even know what it is!

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

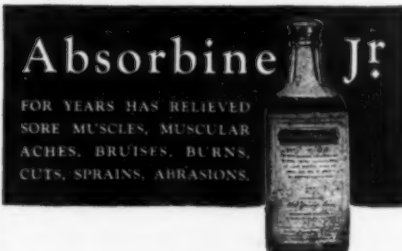
And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, persistent and terribly annoying later on.

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—
So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

**It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr.
Kills This Ringworm Germ**

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is persistent. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write

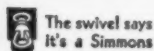
W. F. YOUNG, INC.
362 Lyman St. Springfield, Mass.

**FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN**



NO MAN can afford to be casual in the selection of a watch-chain. The form and contour of the links . . . the shades and tones of color . . . the watch, the keys, knife, or other accessories which will be carried with the chain . . . these are considerations which merit one's careful attention. For a watch-chain is an unerring index of taste. . . Make yours a smart chain, a *Simmons Chain*! Designed with an appreciation for the modern spirit, a nice regard for those subtleties which make a chain *right*, *Simmons Chains* are still reasonably priced. The three-color chain above, 52, costs \$8, alone. Your jeweler will be glad to show you many others. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

**SIMMONS
CHAINS**



Life's All-American Beauty Team!

Do you know a girl who looks like the girl on the Cover?

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Howard Chandler Christy, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as *the American Beauty* or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to —well, watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Howard Chandler Christy, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By GUY HOFF



"I can't marry you, Howard. Doctor Cadman said I shouldn't."

ANGKOR



"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, "I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening, rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."

Q The Raymond-Whitcomb Round-the-World Cruise has a trip to mysterious Angkor . . . easier and more comfortable than any cruise has ever offered.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB Round the World • CRUISE •

To sail January 21, 1931, on the "Columbus"

Q Because the cruise ship is the fastest ever to sail round the world, the Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise will spend less time at sea than any other . . . The total length of the cruise will be only 107 days—yet the number of places visited is notably large and the programs are generous. ✨ There are visits to all the usual Round-the-World-Cruise countries — Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, Philippines, China, Japan, etc. — and to such unusual ports as Penang, Malacca, Zamboanga and Macassar — and a side trip to Bali. Rates, \$2000 and upward.

Send for the booklet:
"ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE"

Mediterranean Cruise

To sail January 31, 1931, on the "Carinthia"

Q This Mediterranean Cruise is timed to be in Nice for the famous Carnival. With 13 days in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . visits to the great and historic Mediterranean cities — Constantinople, Venice, Algiers, etc. — and to smaller places, such as Palermo and Taormina, Cattaro and Ragusa, which are typical of their countries. ✨ Rates, \$1000 and up.

Raymond-Whitcomb

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts
New York, 670 Fifth Avenue; New York, 225 Fifth Ave.
Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.
Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.; San Francisco, 230 Post St.
Agents in the principal cities

Winners of Puzzle No. 29

C	O	P	D	A	R	N	Y	O	U	
A	W	E	O	B	O	E	E	R	R	
B	E	T	S	E	D	E	N	A	N	
		T	A	D		D	O	L	L	
S	H	I	N	A	S					
F	O	U	R	T	H	G	E	N	T	S
R	U	M	H	O	B	O	O	A	K	
A	S	A	E	L	I	A	D	R	Y	
T	E	N	E	M	E	N	T			



Cop: Do you gents need a fourth?

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

James Kribs,
323 East 5th St., Fremont, Nebr.
Explanation: Nix, this is an honest game.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Ronald Jagger,
1420 East Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Explanation: Three Knaves and a joker.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Kathleen G. Richardson,
441 Baldwin Road, Maplewood, N. J.
Explanation: Give this little cop a hand!

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

R. L. Sanders,
1428 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.
Explanation: For he's a jolly good felon.

OLD FASHIONED HOSPITALITY
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Crush - Dry



'Don't Squeeze—Pour!'

SQUEEZING in the pantry isn't done any more, William! Leads to such a muss! When you want fresh orange juice today, you get the world's finest in the brilliant jet bottle of Orange Crush-Dry. You pour, don't squeeze!

By a new and exclusive method the flatness of cooked juice is flung to the discard—now fresh, delicious juice of tree-ripened oranges, with champagne carbonation!

Retains the fresh fruit vitamins intact—the healthful qualities of orange juice — most refreshing at breakfast — children are delighted with it.

Dash of lemon and lime already added and a zippy flavor of the peel—an ambrosial blend ready for what have you—and what a drink by itself!

Orange Crush-Dry is a social conquest. Why stick around with a squeezer?

ORANGE CRUSH COMPANY

World's Largest Producers of Citrus Fruit Drinks
Ontario, Cal. Chicago New York



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633



Is there a Jekyll-Hyde coming to work for you?

There's a dual personality in most of us—a good and a *better self*—or a good and *weaker self*. All “trusted” employees are not trustworthy. Those who are, welcome a Fidelity Bond as a sign that all's well. Why wait then to bond your employees, until under stress, somebody makes off with the cash-box?

Aetna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Aetna protection reaches from coast to coast through 20,000 agents. The Aetna agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!



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AETNA-IZE

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 34

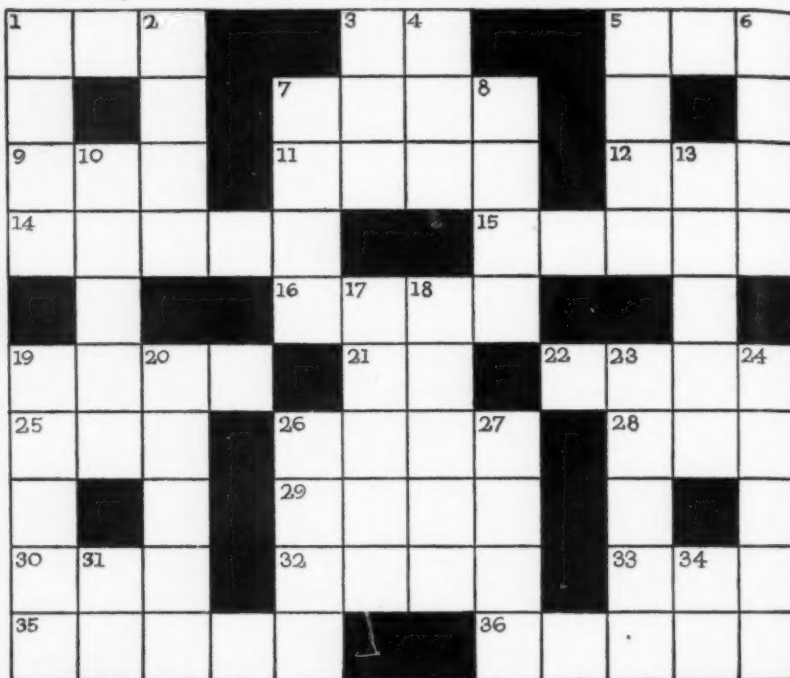
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Apr. 18. Winners will appear in the May 9 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. No aviator should take this up in his plane.
3. A preposition.
5. An opening.
7. Millions have fought for this.
9. That definite article.
11. You'll find this on the border.
12. This will move you.
14. This fellow likes to give you hell.
15. These go 'round in the movies.
16. They make rolls with this.
19. No matter how sociable you are you hate to meet this.
21. Oleum. (Abbr.)
22. Something a curious person does.
25. This is a bird.
26. What many a little shaver gets.
28. What they call the Subway in Paris.
29. Something fearful.
30. Just a boy.
32. This is rather small.
33. What the Red caps do.
35. What the well-dressed woman has.
36. What the well-dressed woman must have.

VERTICAL

1. These will shell out.
2. You can tell him by his meter.
3. It takes time to be this.
4. It's hard to get along with this.
5. What you should do for LIFE's War Chest.
6. What a critic does most of the time.
7. To ward off.
8. The rudimentary vital element.
10. This talks Turkey.
13. What the Siamese twins were.
17. This brings a blush to the cheek.
18. Extreme.
19. What the gambler does when you cut him.
20. The war-time pal.
23. We hope LIFE will at least bring you this.
24. These are always cutting in.
26. To make an approach.
27. Dispatch.
31. A preposition.
34. A pronoun.

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RALEIGH * It is served to you in a
package appropriately distinctive

[PLAIN - OR TIPPED]



*It pays to pay
a trifle more for RALEIGH*

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